

Gleaner



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The Ketchup In The Rye

by: JOHN FIGLIOZZI

Hello. What a dumb way to begin this business. I guess you all think I'm dumb. Maybe I am, but I'm also a little confused. Or a little mixed up. Or maybe more than a little mixed up.

I bet by now you're wondering what my name is. Uh, Holden. Holden Coughdrop. It really is Holden Coughdrop, honest. I'm attending this old school, some place called Alabama Academy. The kids call it the Jersey Jail. This joint really bugs me. I mean, they have some old system of progressive education. One kid, a real slob, tossed a whole box of tinkler toys at old O'Louie, the math teacher. His name isn't really O'Louie; we just call him that. Anyway that crazy spoiled kid smacked O'Louie with a whole can of tinkler toys, really. Get that, a whole can of tinkler toys. Nothing happened to that dumb kid. Old O'Louie was ticked off some, but at mad Jersey all he could do was pick up the tinkler toys. An hour later, a green, round whaddycallit — you know, the thing you shove the sticks in — fell out of old O'Louie's shirt.

I don't know why I'm telling you all this jazz. I guess I want to be like Siegfried. Old Siggy, he's my brother. He's a writer, he really is. He's some kind of a writer over in the Village. Mother claims old Siggy is a black sheep. She doesn't like his poems or something. She probably just doesn't understand his poetry. Hell, I was six before I knew even half of those words.

I'm a rebel, no lie. A rebel against convention, a rebel against society, the bourgeoisie, Madison Avenue, the two party system, required reading lists, my father, Auntie, Uncle Adolphus, my dog, everything. I guess I'm just plain revolting. Anyway, I got the fat idea of flying the coop at Jersey.

I guess I'm not a very good writer. As I was saying, I bugged out of Jersey, I really did no kidding. During math I got bit by the bug-out bug. Don't ask me why. Would you believe that I have an inferiority complex?

It was in old Henry's math class. Henry is his real name. I told Mr. Henry that I just couldn't bring myself to square the hypotenuse. Try it. It's hard as hell, honest. Mr. Henry, or O'Louie (O'Louie sounds better) asked me if anything was wrong.

"Hell" (Someday I'll find out what that word means) I replied, "A lot's wrong. Got lumbago." Lumbago was about the best disease I could think of at the time. I saw it mentioned in the "Ask Dr. Long" column.

"Lumbago? At your age?" that wise guy teacher answered.

"Check my record. It says I'm mature in many respects. Lumbago is one respect, I guess." I then grunted to convince old Henry of my Lumbago.

"Awright, get lost," replied O'Louie — Henry — as another part of tinkler toy, hidden for a week, flittered to the ground with an interestingly satisfying plunk.

So, convincingly limping, I swung through the main hall, out the gate, and left the dome of Jersey behind me. God, was I glad to be out of that hole! Where to go now? I thought of Cuba. I'd been hearing a lot about Cuba. I figured no go. First, Cuba is hard to get to, second, suppose a Navy ship stopped the boat I was on. I'd get found. Boy, would my parents ever be ticked off. My father spends a wad to send me to Jersey. He doesn't mind telling me about it, he really doesn't.

As I was walking I juggled names like Red China, North Viet Nam, and Oxford, Mississippi. Nah, I didn't want to be gone that long. Or maybe I did. Suddenly I saw scrawled across a brick wall, old red brick, a cuss word. A dirty, filthy old cuss word right where the little kids could see it. Right where Heebie Jeebie, my little sister (her real name is Hortense) could see it. How terrible! I mean these kids are too little to see a word like that. I pounded the word, shouting its brother cuss words at it. How could little kids like Heebie Jeebie ever learn what was right? What a terrible example for little kids to see! I lit out fast. People would just put a mixed up kid and a misspelled yellow paint cuss word together. They really would. no fooling.

I walked away whistling the Beethoven Fifth. You know, the one that goes Da da da dahhhh. Da da da da dahhhhhhhhh. Da dahhh da da dahhhh. I figured the fuzz wouldn't bust a kid high class enough to whistle the Beethoven Fifth. I always did like that Fifth, kind of. Mother kept blasting it away on our obnoxious GE stereo. I guess I kind of got used to it.

Went into Friendly Irv's Friendly Confectionary. Doesn't that really grab you? Friendly Irv's Friendly Confectionary. A real nice man worked there. He sold the kids BB's and fire-crackers smuggled from Canada. He gave the kid's maddening white powder when they weren't feeling so hot. He's a nice man, he really is. He gives us kids understanding and that ginchy white powder.

The nice man came up.

"Why Holden" (How the hell did he know my name?) he said in a pleasant enough voice. "What can I do for you today?"

"One Coke with ice minus the Coke — I think."

Uncomplaining, he brought it. What a nice man! I decided to tell him my troubles. Not all of them of course. Just where to go today. That was the only thing I asked him at least.

"Try fishing," suggested the nice man. "It's a perfect day for bananafish. Now, right before the war with the Eskimoes."

What a kook. But such a nice man. I really wanted some of that white powder. I felt a bit manically depressed; no lie, really down in the dumps. I had cut school to find no place to go. Also it was Tuesday, my day to be manically depressed. The nice man told me the powder would cost half my allowance. That didn't bug me much. I sort of enjoy mania. Makes me feel kinda sorry for myself. I guess I'm a manic depressive. The nice man wasn't mad about the powder. As I left I heard him mutter something about hooking me next time. That guy must be a nut on fishing.

Then I got the idea for a subway ride. I always did like the subways, honestly. I passed the Majestic Theater, stopping to glance at ads for the "Wonderful World Of Brothers Grimm." Across the street was the 99th Street subway station. I crossed the street. But then I saw a female about my age. It (I'm too mixed up to say 'she') yelled at me for no apparent reason.

"Hello boy."

"Name isn't 'boy'. Holden."

"Holden?"

"Yeah."

"Hello then, Holden."

"Hello yourself."

"I see you're not in school. Is it a holiday?"

"Hell no. I'm running away."

"Holden don't swear."

That really ticked me off. Why can't goody-goodies mind their own business? Always telling me what to do.

"Holden," it continued, "Where do you go to school?"

"Alabama Academy. We call it Jersey Jail."

"And you don't like it?"

"Hell no female."

"Don't swear. And the name isn't 'female'. It's Abby, short for Abigail."

"What's Jersey like?"

"Well, it's a big kind of building, red brick. And they think they're hot stuff."

"Every school thinks its hot stuff."

"Yeah, but I got a deep rooted inferiority complex. And I'm depressed."

"How terrible."

"I enjoy it sometimes. So long Abby short for Abigail. I have to meet the doctor at 1:05."

"I thought you said you were running away."

"You heard wrong. See ya."

I ran into the station. I never did get along too well with females. I mean, I kind of liked some females. Abby was pretty nice. Why did it get so ticked off at my swearing? Females!

A few minutes after I had arrived at the subway platform a real crazy half empty train pulled up. Yeah, I had two nickels in my pocket. After I got on that kooky train I had a real blast, honestly I did. I guess I need a head shrinker. Imagine a guy getting a thrill out of blasting through some mouldy old tunnel. Well, I did. I saw all sorts of characters get on and off that train. Bet you I rode nearly three hours all over the city in that smelly train. Finally the train began to fill up. Some fat old lady resembling Peter Pork Chops came along. It stood over me and grunted. "Give me your seat sonny."

What a lotta nerve. And 'sonny' yet! That really got me up. A simple "Go to hell" was my only reply.

"Young man I am indeed appalled."

"Be Miss America if you want. I'm mixed up. I really am. And manically depressed. Please feel sorry for me. I am mixed up, confused. I'm neurotic. I hate my mother and love my father — and vice versa."

The lady was about as sympathetic as that cop who once saw me stuffing cherry bombs down public conveniences. It told me in no uncertain terms to get the hell out of my seat. This little scene attracted others, reeking of all imaginable stinks. Being fat, smelly, secure, over-stuffed adults they naturally sided with the sow. I got so sick of hearing, "Problems? At your age?" I was ready to . . . well, I finally had to vacate that seat. It really tickled me to see big people fighting like vultures over my seat; it really did. Feeling like a damn sardine, I squirmed off that mad train by the time it reached what used to be called the Havane Street Station. Now it's called the LBJ Way station. That name really bugged my father. He's a Fascist, a John Bircher or something like that. Last election he voted for Grant, Ulysses. He figured that guy couldn't make too many changes. What a nut. Not Grant, my father. I still had an extra nickel, enough for the subway fare home. I was getting hungry. But the trains were so darned (I'm a good boy really) crowded I sat on a bench to wait.

Who should come along but that Abby short for Abigail! She said hello, asked me how the doctor was, and offered me a ride home.

"Hello," I replied. "I have incurable hypermonia. (Not bad for a disease made up on the spot) and my dad's chauffeur is picking me up. My last name is Coughdrop. They named the coughdrop after my father. He has hundreds of limosines, thousands of factories, and millions of dollars."

"How very wonderful! What a shame about your hypermonia. Good bye, Holden"

Honestly, if you told some dames up was down they'd believe it. Six o'clock. I figured in another half an hour the subway wouldn't be so crowded. I nearly froze my face off. When did I first realize that I was mixed up? I knew I suffered from maladjustment, sibling rivalry, feelings of insecurity, and of course a lop-sided libido. My parents began to feel inferior, having a mad son. In turn I felt even more inferior for causing my parents to feel inferior. I'm a mess. I wonder what it's like to be normal? It can't be much fun.

About six to seven I decided to head for home. I got there somehow. Gave our cocker spaniel his evening kick. Smashed Heebie Jeebie with a sweet gum ball. Daddy asked me how I liked school today.

"Great," I lied. I make a fine liar. I've had the practice. We had asparagus, saurkraut, wonton soup, sherbert, baby limas, and cottage cheese for dinner. I guess we're all mixed up. I really do, no kidding.

Oh well, I guess there is a bit of hope floating somewhere in this corny bourgeois world. Maybe by the time I turn eight I won't be so mixed up.

The preceding story was published in 1987 B.C. under the title, "Franny is Screwed."

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My Most Rewarding Experience

by: ADOLFO L. AMORIN

Any person in his lifetime has a large number of experiences, of which some are agreeable and some are unpleasant, some requite benefit and some render only detriment. My particular case is no different, I also have a long list of experiences, and among them, the one that has excelled the rest because of the immense influence it has exerted upon my outlook on life and on the world, is connected with my almost accomplished resolution of pursuing a college education in this country.

I come from Peru, and although our two nations, that is the United States and my own, have the same basic European background and could be easily classified as similar in the eyes of most Eastern countries, we are still somewhat different in several of our cultural elements. Our customs, principles and values, though fundamentally the same, are not quite so; perhaps it is only a matter of degree, but it is obvious that distinctness does exist. Around these dissimilarities is what we are going to discern, bringing them to light in the course of the relation concerning my fruitful experiences in this sister nation.

Several months before my already planned trip to this country became a reality, I was immensely enthusiastic about it; I have heard and read so much about the United States that I could hardly wait to have a personal taste of its greatness; but when the faithful hour of my departure arrived, my enthusiasm was no more; sadness and a horrible feeling of despair instead took place. Yes, I was going to a far away land, to share my existence with people I scarcely knew, leaving behind my family and my country, and with them everything that meant life to me. I reproached and condemned my drive for self-betterment, wondering intensely the worth of such ambitions.

American soil at last; my wonderful dreams had become true, but by then, it was more like a nightmare.

The first three months after my arrival will forever be engraved in my memories. Everything seemed so different, from the language I could hardly understand to the food so incipient and tasteless I could barely enjoy. The people, hundreds, thousands of them, but not a single familiar face in all that crowd.

By then, only solitude and loneliness were my most faithful and persistent companions.

But man being what it is, the most flexible and adaptable of all beings on this earth, usually surmounts any barrier that could hinder the achievements of its goals; this of course, providing it has the proper background, willingness and strength.

And so it was, that by the end of the fourth month, such variables as my knowledge of the language and miserable homesickness began to show definite signs of improvement, and along with them many other factors of negative nature for my adaptation began to submit as well. It was at this point that I opened my eyes to the new, exciting world that was lying before me.

At the beginning, except for the great super highways and some magnificent and shapely blondes, nothing really impressed me. I spent some days visiting Washington D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York; and comparing those cities to my native Lima, I found that the differences, if any, were negligible. Of course we could not match New York City in the hugeness and quantity of its skyscrapers but to the other three cities we were just as equal in that respect. And considering beauty in itself, Lima had such a charm and personality, with its blend of the modern and the classic colonial architecture, that none of the cities I knew could actually be placed in a superior level.

But time showed me different, I know now that my appreciation was very superficial. While it is truth that in beauty and design our one metropolis, Lima, can compete with any city in America, it is also a fact that our living standards are far from desirable. When I realized that the wages of a common Peruvian laborer were just enough to maintain him above the subsistence level, and that his counterpart in the United States working just as many hours, earned wages that entitled him not only to a handsome nutrition, but also to a late model car and a comfortable house provided with refrigerator, electric kitchen, and all the other modern conveniences; then, I recognized the greatness of this nation, and since then I have shared with the rest of the world their admiration for the prodigious American accomplishment.

It was September 1961 when for the first time I set foot in what was going to be my home for the next four years; indeed, I had been accepted as a full time student at Delaware Valley College.

There I was with a beany on my head and a sign hanging from my neck walking through that smelly Ginkgo Lane. "Hey you frosh, sing the Alma Mater for me; I want it loud!", in that particular instance a demanding sophomore ordered me. I very obediently proceeded to sing it, but my pronunciation was so poor and my accent so strong that he thought I was making fun out of him by singing it in Spanish. As a result I spent two hours daily for the remainder of the week digging along with other freshman what is now Lake Archer. Little things like that, although not very pleasant at the time, brought me closer to my classmates. That year I made some friends, but I was too busy struggling with my studies and the language to pursue an understanding of their way of life; as a consequence, I found it difficult to fit in the American society.

The following year the language was no longer a hindrance, I understood the language almost as well as a native speaker and I was not handicapped by it in my studies; therefore, I was able to mingle more with my fellow students; and here is where the real challenge started. It was not anymore a matter of memorizing hundreds of words on learning this new tongue; this was far

more complex, it was a question of insight, of enlightenment, of how well I was able to comprehend and properly wage the values and principles of my American friends. On my approach to this situation, on the equitable balance between their ways of appraising and my own, rested the relative happiness or misery in which I will expend my life as a college student in the United States. I fully recognize this, and although I realize that for my own sake and for those around me, a blending of my views and ideologies was indispensable, I also acknowledge the fact that the preservation of my identity was just as important. This was a difficult task to perform, but somehow I got around fairly successfully. And so it was, that if I was used in Peru, when going out with friends, to virtually struggle amongst each other to have the "privilege" of paying for the expense of the group whatever the occasion was; after observing the American way in which, for the most part, each individual takes care of his own consumption, I would try to refrain my posture in this respect and use a blended approach. If I had noticed that there exists almost a contrasting attitude towards working between Americans and Peruvians; I would try to limit my "siesta" time and more or less follow the American way. If observation has taught me that Americans are more serene and less emotional as compared to my people, I would for example, upon seeing a friend after a long period of absence, shake his hand and welcome him, instead of giving him an affectionate Latin embrace. And finally, if I was used in Peru to admire every pretty girl within the range from the tip of her toes to the top of her head and if possible to approach her and pay some verbal homage to her; upon observing American males, I definitely had to exercise more caution. And just like the above illustrations, I could cite many more, but those already mentioned would be enough for our purpose.

As it is well known, flexibility is a human attribute that enhances man and places him above his fellow creatures. This quality although universal for man, it is found at varying degrees in the different individuals, that being the reason for the relative easiness or perplexity with which various people can adapt to a new surrounding set of circumstances. In the case of the people belonging to the Western world, considering the rather superficial differences among the countries pertaining to it, the challenge facing adjustment of most people of any nationality within the Western frame to the individual customs and behavior of the inhabitants of the individual nation within this frame, is relatively mild; so that not a great degree of flexibility is needed; this being more so among young people. That is why most American students in Latin America and their counterparts in the United States usually adapt and fit very nicely in the somewhat new environment. Those that do not are probably the ones that are misfits in their own societies.

Being myself a member of the Western society, I actually possessed almost all odds against a poor adaptation in the United States, and so it was that after putting forth some effort and endeavor in understanding American people, it did not take long at all before we were able to communicate with each other not only in terms of language but in so far as our feelings, emotions, views of the world and friendship were concerned.

By the beginning of my sophomore year I had the wonderful sensation of not being a stranger anymore, I was being incorporated into the American society.

My junior and senior years have been those of almost complete amalgamation or blend in which the nationality did not play as important a role as before, and in which the understanding and respect was mutual. I stop, for the most part, thinking in terms of Americans or Peruvians, and I began feeling the meaning of such words as Aggies, as members of the class of 1965, or as simply and even more fulfilling, friends.

Yes, by then as is now, with the great majority of my classmates we have broken the psychological and nationality barriers, we have become friends in the true sense of the word. This very fact leads me to believe that if we have been able to blend, understand and respect each others differences, however slight or massive they might have been, there is a great deal of hope in the future, with improved communications for more of our countrymen to share each other's environment, emphasizing our similarities and blending our incongruities, so that a more prosperous and United Western Hemisphere may become a reality.

Vir Vita Terra

by: EDGAR BROWN

"So, you go to an agricultural school," the man said.

"Yes, I do," replied the student.

"You're going to be a farmer."

"A farmer . . ." the student muttered, with his head bent.

All the student could think of was a straw hat, a corn cob pipe and an old mule. He knew that was exactly what the man was thinking of. He remembered how his classmates had fought to destroy that image.

"I am an industrialist, boy," the man bellowed. "I helped to make the machinery that makes us a mighty nation which have won wars. You could be studying to become an asset to industry rather than a farmer."

"It seemed all true," thought the student, his stare still directed towards the ground. Then his glance happened to land on the man's abdominal region which extended well over the leather belt.

"You see that?" the student said as he pointed towards the man's belly. A spark of pride appeared in his voice. "Our graduates helped design that. You seem to enjoy what they have produced. Do you think you would be able to be an asset to industry without a full stomach?"

The man looked at his large stomach and could not help but recall the last steak he had. It was good and it did help him to concentrate on his work.

"The machinery used to win our wars didn't run itself. No, our victories were a result of machinery run by a well fed army. If you give it a thought, food not only wins wars but also keeps the peace."

The man hunted for some reply with which to retaliate. It seemed that the student had a point.

"Now, Mr. Industrialist when you can produce that supper you ate last night, learn to do it in less than four years and still hold your job then come around and talk. In fact, you might go right to the president of our college. I'm sure he would then see that the curriculum should be changed from agricultural to industrial. Until then you will have to put up with 'those 'useless' farmers who make our nation the best fed in the world."

"Yes sir, that is our design." He patted the man's stomach and walked on.

The Appaloosa

by: ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

WHAT IS THE APPALOOSA? The Appaloosa is a distinctive and unique breed of horse. All Appaloosas have breed characteristics setting them apart from the other breeds in the equine world. The eye is encircled by white the same as the human eye, and the skin of the Appaloosa is mottled, an irregular spotting of black and white, especially noticeable about the nostrils. The hoofs are striped vertically black and white. Appaloosa coat pattern varies in design, with most individuals having white over the loin and hips with dark round or egg shaped spots. Spots vary in size from specks to three or four inches in diameter. Some Appaloosa carry the spotting all over the body, but it is usually most dominant over the hips. Others will show white over the hips without the dark spots in the white, while still others will show a mottled appearance over the whole body, or will appear speckled with white in a dark background. All, however, have the white encircling the eye, parti-colored skin, and parti-colored hoofs. Appaloosas are distinctive individually, as no two have absolutely identical marking patterns.

In breeding any type of livestock, the primary question to be asked of the breeder is, does this animal have value, in so far as an established purpose for the existence of the breed? If the breed has little value and usefulness, then there is limited acceptance of it, and the breed soon dies out or is kept for its aesthetic value only. A good example of this is the Scottish Highland Cattle. This breed of cattle cannot compete at the present time with the other English breeds of cattle, for it lacks the meat qualities which place economic value on the breed with a subsequent increase in numbers. Many critics of the Appaloosa breed question the value of these horses and suggest that the color is their main selling point which will pass as a fad in time. The Appaloosa Horse Club conducted a survey recently of all Appaloosa owners to determine the uses to which their horses were put and the qualities which they valued most highly in Appaloosas.

For usage, 63 listed stock horse as first, 30% listed pleasure horse as first. Other uses included parade, rodeo show, jumping, drill, etc. Most owners listed two or three other uses of the Appaloosa, which suggests a versatile, all around useful horse which fits well in any capacity. When asked the qualities most valued in their horses, most responded with disposition and intelligence. Most Appaloosas are characterized by a quiet, sensible disposition combined with keen intelligence and a willingness to learn. These are qualities that a good stock horse or pleasure horse must have in order to have value to its owner. Other important qualities listed were adaptability, endurance, speed and such qualities common to Appaloosas as good feet and legs.

Some criticism of the breed is justified however, for too many of these spotted horses do not have all of these desirable characteristics. In the turbulent history of the breed can be found some of the answers.

This hardy breed of horse seems to have existed long before recorded history. The Appaloosa seems to have come first from the steppes of Asia to eventually play a part in the Persian wars. From there the horses spread to northern Africa, Europe, England and Spain. The Spanish

are said to have brought the horses to the new world, where some of them were either captured by or sold to the Indians. The breed came to be concentrated in the hands of the Nez Perce Indians who inhabited the Northwest region of this nation in what is now parts of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The Indians placed high value on these spotted horses and practiced intensive selection until they were developed into mounts unrivaled in stamina, speed and intelligence. For 200 years, their Appaloosas were kept pure in blood and ability. During the Nez Perce war in 1877, the Indians on these fine horses outran and outmaneuvered the cream of the U.S. Cavalry for 1,500 miles over rugged and treacherous terrain until the Indians were finally cornered and defeated. So formidable was this mighty war horse of the Nez Perce, that the white man took particular pains to kill or capture all the spotted horses possessed by the Indians.

Confiscated in 1877 as war loot from the surrendered Indians, the horses were put up for sale at a government auction. Ironically, those same people who had witnessed the tremendous potential and value of the horse during the war, did little to preserve it, and actually destroyed it through indiscriminate breeding and cross breeding to produce horses they could sell because they resembled the famous Indian steeds. The remarkable traits and the unusual spots were soon gone, and the Appaloosa as a pure breed was gone forever.

The savior and restorer of the breed came in the

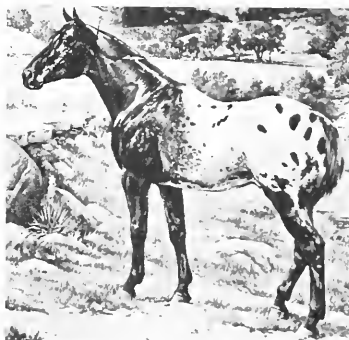


Figure 1. Black, white with black spots over loin and hips.



Figure 2. White, black spots over entire body.

early 1900's. Claude J. Thompson was born and raised in the country of the Nez Perce Indians. His father gave him an Appaloosa colt when he was a boy, and from the surrounding area he learned piece by piece the tragic story of the "lost breed". After Mr. Thompson had settled down to a family and ranch of his own, he decided to make it his life's work to re-establish the breed based upon its past excellence. He traveled from Canada to Mexico in search of some spotted horses with any quality and purity of blood. He finally found a few mares with good markings, but they lacked refinement and were rather coarse. A stud named "Old Painter" was leased, who had the characteristics of a fine head, style and color. The foals produced from this cross were very well marked and had the physical characteristics of the Appaloosa, but they had a glaring lack of refinement in comparison to the old Nez Perce horses. The only way to correct this fault was to introduce outside blood. The Arabian was picked because the breed was similar to the Appaloosa in traits, and they possessed a smoothness and refinement which the Appaloosa had once possessed. The Arabian stud Ferras 922 was purchased and bred to Old Painter's daughters, and their offspring bred back into the Appaloosa line. Through intensive selection and culling, the horses which eventually came from this line of breeding were remarkable counterparts of the old Nez Perce horse, showing the refinement and quality in conformation, coloring and traits they had once been known for.

In order to promote the breed, the Appaloosa Horse Club was established December 30, 1938. The breed got off to a slow start because there were few animals with enough quality to register, and also the Second World War was in progress. About this time George Hatley took over the reins of the Appaloosa club to lend youth and determination to the return of the breed.

To keep an accurate record of what was going on with Appaloosa bloodlines, the first stud book was printed in 1947. This was the great moment for Appaloosa breeders, for horses with draft or pony blood were ruled out regardless of how much Appaloosa coloring or traits they bore. The pinto strain was also carefully traced and rejected. This granted much needed prestige to the breed. Promotion and advertisement to gain widespread recognition for the breed were the next essential steps. The breed was granted acceptance into the San Antonio stock show to be shown in competition with other breeds and drew good response from the public. The breed was then entered in other major shows and is today second in numbers only to the popular Quarter Horse in the major shows around the country.

After knowing the background history of the horse, is it any wonder that the breed has many faults and still needs a great deal of improvement in many of the blood lines. Just as our present Hereford cattle have been bred over many years to achieve their present meat qualities and carcass value, so also it must be with the Appaloosa to regain its past excellence. Many people ask why we need another breed of horses, when the Quarter Horse, Arabian, or Morgan can do much the same job as the Appaloosa. The first and most important point in defense of the Appaloosa is that it must possess the qualities of these horses if it is to compete with them. As in any livestock breed, differences in productivity between the good and the inferior members of the same breed are much greater than the average difference between breeds. Thus if the Appaloosa can measure up to the qualities of the other breeds of this type, then the color pattern is an



Figure 7. Appaloosa head, showing the white sclera encircling the eye and parti-colored skin.

added attraction of the horses which enhances their economic value.

The challenges facing the Appaloosa breeder are great. The breeder has the job of maintaining and increasing the prominence of the Appaloosa, so that the association, which is its advertising media, will have an excellent animal to promote. Five interrelated problems face the Appaloosa breeder. He has to produce an animal with type, utility value, temperament or disposition, color, and the public must have a good image of his product.

Type is in general, the mental picture of the ideal or perfect horse. General appearance, balance, conformation, and the blending of all the parts to function smoothly for the job they have to do is essential in a good reliable horse. There are many specific qualities looked for in each part of the animal, which can be found on a judging score card.

When we say animal must have utility, it is meant that the animal may be used to rope, to cut, to rein, to run, and to ride for pleasure. This type of horse seems to be a combination of a Quarter Horse and a Thoroughbred, in qualities, a sort of middle of the road horse.

Temperament is very important because nothing sours a person on a horse or a breed faster than an animal with a bad disposition. Everything the horse does, including standing, walking, working, and resting reflects his temperament.

The color is one of the greatest problems facing the Appaloosa breeder. In the first place, the color is hard to maintain because of certain genetic factors which dilute the color or gray it. Secondly, the more factors which are selected for at one time, the slower will be the improvement in any one of them. Thus even though selection may improve the animals for type, utility value, and disposition, without the color, the animal is not an Appaloosa.

The breeder must produce what the public wants, or he will soon be out of business. Just as the fat hog is a thing of the past, so will the Appaloosa be if it does not continue to pass the test of public popularity due to its own merits. The fate of the breed lies in the hands of the breeder and continued improvement must come through intensive selection and rigid culling.

A Brief Sketch of Korea

by: WOO BONG LEE.

It is not uncommon that most people whom I have met asked, "Are you a Chinese?" I said, "I look like a Chinese, but I am a Korean. We have our own language and our own culture." So not as a politician or a historian, but as a student, I am presenting my beloved country, Republic of Korea, to you. Korea is located in the far-east of the continent of Asia, forming a peninsula. Eighty per cent of the total territory is mountainous, and the three sides, except north, are surrounded by sea. Mainly the plains are concentrated in the southwest, being the grainery of Korea. The total area of the plains is about 45,458 square km which is about 20% of the total territory. Four seasons are particular with alternation of three cold days and four warm days during the winter. The total population is about 30 million, of which about 23 million people live in the south, and the rest, 7 million people live in the north. Such a deformed distribution of population was caused by the fact that many people in the north left their homes for the south for political, social, and religious freedom.

Korea is one of the oldest nations. Her history dates back to 2333 B.C. The origin of Korea is full of myths. However, her history can be presented by dividing it into several periods.

1. 2333 B.C. — 57 B.C., mythic period.
2. 57 B.C. — 935 A.D., in this period, three small kingdoms emerged. They lasted for about 1000 years.
3. Koryo Dynasty (918 — 1910). The three kingdoms were merged into one dynasty, having a common head, King.
4. Yi Dynasty (1392 — 1910). A noble and general took over the power, and became the first king of Yi Dynasty. Korea stepped into modern period.
5. The Japanese occupation (1910 — 1945). They took away much more than they gave away. By the victory of the Allied Nations, in August 15, 1945, we obtained

Liberation. In May 10, 1948, we held the first general election to form the representative form of government. In June 25, 1950, the Korean War was broken out, and it lasted for three years. We had two revolutions in 1960 and in 1961 respectively. At the present time, we have a democratic form of government.

Through history, Korea had a splendid culture. Of course, Buddhism had a great influence upon it. Her culture was enriched by two significant events. (1.) The fourth king of Yi Dynasty made the Korean Alphabet. There are 24 letters in the Alphabet. (2.) In 1234, the first metal printing type appeared. It was 150 years before Gutenberg.

The total tillable land is about 1,100 million acres. About 62% of the total population is engaged in farming. The main agricultural products are rice, barley, tobacco and cotton. The rice production takes up about 40% of the total tillable land.

The most heavy industries are concentrated in the north. Raw materials are rich in the north. The largest hydroelectric power station in the north could supply electric power to the entire Korean peninsula and even Manchuria.

Before 1945, about 70% could not read and write. The number of illiteracy was reduced to 4.1% by the tremendous effort of the government. As of 1958, there were 4,467 elementary schools (co-ed), 1,034 middle schools, 611 high schools, 273 vocational schools and 56 colleges and universities.

The oldest and largest religion is Buddhism which has about 1,432 temples and 3.8 million followers. Presbyterian is about 550,000, Catholic 240,000, Methodist 250,000.

There are good sides as well as bad sides to be mentioned like any other society. I say, "Korea is not bad place to live." To me, there is no such place like home.

— EDITORIAL —

EDWIN L. HILL

There has been much talk lately about the hard pressed families of Appalachia, as a result of a well-timed recent telecast emphasizing the poverty there. The viewing public was so moved that a grass roots fund sprang up to aid these people. Among examples shown were children with no food to eat, and a man standing in a water filled mine digging coal for his heater . . . Lets look at this situation in another light . . . One man talked at great length about the fact that his children's shoes were torn, they could not even go to school to get the government provided meal, the only square meal the kids get all day . . . Yet, the entire time he pointed out his children's bare toes, he was puffing on one cigarette after another. What kind of man could he be to see his children go shoeless

and hungry while still providing himself with the luxury of tobacco. What husband would see his wife and children without necessities and not make every attempt to change the situation. What family man could live in the rundown shacks without at least cleaning refuse and debris from the yard and repairing broken boards, especially if he has no job and all day to do it. The answer is simple, these people do not want to work. They have no ambition at all and are just waiting for handouts. In all probability if they were offered a job tomorrow, they would refuse it with one excuse or another, and if industry and prosperity were to come to this region these people would not be included in it. Why then should we help people who will not even make small sacrifices to help themselves?

True American Breed

by: BILL STOCK

The King Ranch of Kingsville, Texas by 1915 had established the largest Shorthorn and Hereford herds in the United States. These British breeds were well adapted to temperate climates, but were not the best livestock for these subtropical areas.

Since 1886 the King Ranch had bred the ranches original Longhorn herds with large proportions of Shorthorn and Hereford blood. While they made better quality beef, they also fared poorly and lost their hardihood under the hot sun of coastal Texas.

Some of the tough and prolific Brahman cattle from India were getting a great deal of attention in East Texas at the turn of the century. These large cattle were vicious, hard to handle, and they lacked quality as fine beef, however, they were adapted to tropical heat, they had high tolerance to insect pests and they demonstrated an ability to fend for themselves on scarce pastures. Cattlemen along the Gulf Coast showed great interest in the Brahmans, but government import regulations at that time restricted the number of these cattle and ranchmen found it almost impossible to obtain pure Brahmans to use on their ranges.

The first Brahmans arrived on the King Ranch in 1910 in the form of a large, half-bred Brahman-Shorthorn bull. As an experiment this bull was added to the Shorthorn bulls in a pasture with 4,000 purebred Shorthorn cows. All of the male offspring of the Brahman bull were castrated, except for one red bull calf called Chemera, and all of the heifers were turned back with the Shorthorn bulls. In the years that followed it became apparent that this experimental cross with Brahman and Shorthorn stock had produced the best range cattle for hardihood, size, and ability to fatten.

By this time Brahman cattle had become more available to the stockmen in the warm Gulf Coast states. In 1918 the King Ranch bought 52 selected three year old bulls of three-fourth to seven-eighth Brahman blood. These bulls were divided and placed among eight different breeding herds composed of 2,500 purebred Shorthorn cows and bulls.

The King Ranch were breeders of cattle and they studied their first and second crosses, they looked for a specific type. Therefore: they developed a breeding program arrived at by fixing a type — a big and strong, solid red, heavily fleshed beef producer of about five-eighth Shorthorn and three-eighth Brahman ancestry.

The one individual which enabled the King Ranch to fix the type they looked for, appeared in the form of a red bull, named Monkey, who was sired by one of the Brahman bulls bought in 1918.

This great bull, Monkey, born in 1920 was turned into a selected breeding herd in 1923 and was active as a sire until his death in 1932. He fixed his characteristics so firmly into his offspring (he had more than 150 sons) that through him the King Ranch was able to create a new breed of cattle. Monkey was the foundation sire from whose progeny the Santa Gertrudis breed was formed.

This first American breed of cattle was created not by trained geneticists, but by a family of ranchers using their own judgement, their own livestock, their own pastures and their own money to form what they needed for the profitable pursuit of their own business.

The Santa Gertrudis originated from the necessity of discovering a beef type animal which was better suited to the climate and range conditions of South Texas. The Santa Gertrudis inherits from its Brahman blood the loose skin which enables it to withstand great heat, and the tough skin which makes it nearly immune to pests. It also inherits from the Brahman the ability to rustle for a living under a hot sun, either in the humid tropics or upon ranges plagued with drought and also the characteristic of being able to gain weight with exceptional rapidity on grass.

The Shorthorn contributes to the Santa Gertrudis its red color, made solid red by its blend with the Brahman pigmentation. The beef qualities of the Santa Gertrudis derived from the Shorthorn, display a heavier, deeper meat making conformation for the production of the more desirable cuts. The Santa Gertrudis has a high dressing percentage and its beef, capable of excellent marbling, meets every grading test for high quality.

The United States Department of Agriculture — Bureau of Animal Industry in 1940 officially recognized the Santa Gertrudis as a new and separate breed of cattle with its own characteristics as defined and firmly fixed as those of any other recognized breed.

The Excellent ability of the Santa Gertrudis to adapt to environment in which the British beef breeds did not do well, had been observed by many cattlemen before 1940. During the first years of breeding development the King Ranch retained all Santa Gertrudis cows and heifers for replacements within its own herd. However, the King Ranch, after several years sold each year a limited number of Santa Gertrudis bulls to interested ranchmen. Thus, the Santa Gertrudis blood was dispersed through these bulls to many other herds and a large number of breeders began to develop their own Santa Gertrudis stock. Interest in the Santa Gertrudis grew and herds of red cattle with increasing proportions of Santa Gertrudis blood came into existence from South Texas to Florida, spreading through the Southern states to Cuba and to Central America. Since then the Santa Gertrudis have been distributed throughout many countries of the world.

The English breeds command most of the interest of breeders in the United States for they do well in a moderate climate, but when it comes to warm and humid climates they do not do as well. The Santa Gertrudis seems to answer most of the problems which arise in these warm climates and it seems as the population of the world increases and the problem of feeding these people becomes more acute, it will be the Santa Gertrudis and crosses with the Santa Gertrudis which will supply the meat needed by the countries in these tropical areas.

Only Yesterday

by: WM. M. JONES

It was the kind of day he likes; a day when the air touched and embraced him with the tenderness of an old sweetheart in days that were beyond the call of what was his to remember. The cool soft breasts of the fog nuzzled his chest; the tender fingers of the fog caressed his neck with long slow strokes; the moist open lips of the fog kissed his eyes and closed them to the undefinable things that sought him, tempted him back to the warm bright sunlight that was perhaps not the sunlight at all; was perhaps a cool fluorescence.

The sea was his then, and it spoke to him in long hoarse whispers that rushed through his ears, into the channels of himself, haunting him with dreams that had never been; that never could be. The sand was cold and wet and hard, unyielding to his feet, and only this he did not enjoy; perhaps, it was because the sand was not gentle with him (he disliked those things that were coarse and rough). Possibly, the sand was too solid, did not offer him the fluidity and freedom that the sea and the fog offered (he disliked those things that held him to a single plane).

The harsh shriek of gulls, shattering the serenity of the fog, pulled him sharply from himself and forced his senses from the softness of pleasure. He remembered now bringing the huge Newfoundland with him to the beach as he had always done. The fog had separated the dog from him and now the sound of the gulls had drawn back to him at least the knowledge of their proximity. He knew how much the dog enjoyed running along the shore, scattering the gulls, and now he smiled, imagining the scene taking place in some far corner of the gray mist.

But the screams of the gulls soon faded into time, and with them all thoughts of the dog and the birds. Now the sea was hungry; was no more merely a sound. Now it moved, the floating whitecaps guiding the waves forward, pressing in upon the sand and the fog, forcing the breasts from his chest, the fingers from his neck, the lips from his eyes. The churning, cold blackness lapped at his feet, drawing him closer, pulling him from his hiding place in the fog. The sea-sound was no longer a symphony; was now only a noise; loud, triumphant, the sound of victory. He felt himself descending slowly, smoothly into the conquering waves; felt himself losing the fog, which was now but a tender pressure on his back.

A woman's voice calling his name suddenly sprang from the fog and grasped harshly at his senses. He turned and saw her there on the shore, rooted to the cold hard sand, the cool fluorescence of her face blinding him with its brilliance.

"Frank! Frank, answer me!"

Deeper, colder now, numb and insensible where the water held him.

"Frank! Come back you idiot! What are you doing up to your neck in the water?"

The force of her sound drove itself against his ears, shoving against him, pushing him farther away from her. Love had said goodbye, and so he turned quickly away from her, accepting this last farewell. The sea, with a roar of finality, claimed that to which it had a claim and the fog turned its back and crept quietly along the sand.

Anatomy Of A Mixer

by: JOHN FIGLIOZZI

The college mixer is an event to behold. If one wishes to obtain full enjoyment from this unique happening, he must arrive before it has started. I would like to describe a mixer held recently at a girl's college, which I vainly attempted to observe from the aloof philosophical level.

I arrived about one half an hour early. The only other persons there were a collection of boys who had acted upon the assumption that "first come first served"; and about two dozen girls who tried to make it appear as though they were responsible for the whole affair. The girls gayly trotted back and forth carrying cases of Coke and tubs of ice. Not one boy actually attempted to help the girls. Each rather preferred observing, and making magnificent mental maneuvers which doubtless, would enable him to execute a flawless seduction within the first few moments. This little game went on for about twenty minutes, until one suddenly became aware that the excess of boys was diminishing rapidly. Immediately, almost as if rehearsed, everyone arranged themselves into small circles for the increased observance of the opposite sex. Many contented themselves with revising their approaches in light of the sudden abundance of girls.

At this point the band walked in. As the import of this momentous realization struck, everyone began shifting deftly into more advantageous positions for the approaching introductory seduction. The four boys who made up this "band" looked typically like the high

schoolers they were. In other words they had the tousled look of moronic egotism. Their costume resembled that which you might find in a rejected *Care* package. It consisted of a yellowing shirt, black Levi's, a wrinkled sports jacket of dormitory green, and thoroughly unpolished shoes. They began to fondle, tune, and polish their instruments. At one point they were aware that they had found a similar note, and so they began to play.

The tight circles dissipated into a mingling mob as the wallflowers took their posts, and the girls started dancing together. This last discovery created worry in the minds of the more reserved fellows. Those who had mentally planned the evening in advance quietly swaggered up to a girl and recited their entire repertoire of introductory phrases. As it became apparent that the "wall" people were separating from the "floor" people, the band lurched spasmodically into a song. Heads bobbed fiercely as more and more people milled about walking on feet and hands, and passing out free elbows. The song abruptly ended and the band eagerly looked around for worshippers. Finding none they retaliated by vomiting into a leaping conglomeration of sounds.

Time passed pleasantly like this until it became apparent that the group was getting smaller. Severely shaken over the loss of his audience, the band leader announced the approach of the end of the dance. And so ended a night better forgotten — until some misguided soul remembered it and recorded it for posterity.

First Trip To The Moon

by: JONATHAN GREENE

I'd like to give you an idea of what the first passenger trip to the moon might be like.

I want you to picture a bustling airport in Yourtown, U.S.A. You enter the terminal building and walk over to the ticket counter. You ask for a roundtrip ticket to the moon. You get your ticket and go over and sit in the main lounge to await the announcement of your flight. You watch the people shuffle to and fro and wonder where they came from and where they are going. You wonder if they have ever dreamed the dream you are about to realize. You hear your flight being announced. You go to gate 13 (as directed). There are other passengers there and you join them. They are people from all walks of life and representatives of all nationalities.

Through double glass doors steps your stewardess. She gives everyone a warm smile, introduces herself and asks you to follow her.

She turns and goes out through the glass doors and you follow. You find yourself in the bright noonday sun. Slowly your eyes get used to the glare and you look around. You are standing at the entrance to launching pad 13. Similar pads stand all around you. Directly ahead looms the gigantic bulk of the XYZ Intercelestial Rocket. The maintenance engineers have just finished fueling up the rocket. You have to tilt your head way back to see the top of the rocket. Its metal shines in the sun.

You follow the stewardess down the approach path to the hydrolic elevator built into the gantry. You enter this elevator and ride to the top of the rocket. You step out of the elevator and enter the control room. The stewardess introduces you to your pilot, a graying computer. You are then lead into the passenger lounge. It is thickly carpeted and luxuriously designed. There are large windows next to each couch. You are assigned to your own contour couch. You sit down, strap yourself in and try to get comfortable (this isn't hard because everything has been designed by a computer with your specific comfort in mind).

Right next to your right hand is a panel containing many buttons. You begin to read some of the labels — coffee pill, cream pill, sugar pill, diet pill, stereophonic music, television. You decide you don't want anything and sit back to relax before take-off.

Over the loud speaker comes a quiet voice — "Good afternoon and welcome aboard, weather conditions are excellent and lift off will be in 10 minutes. We will be traveling at 20 times the speed of light and we should reach the moon's surface in about 4 hours. Have a pleasant trip — this has been a recording. You realize that you have broken out in a sweat and you start to fidget in your seat. You wish you were in the air already.

All of a sudden the ship trembles and begins to rise from the ground. In a matter of seconds you are looking at the Earth as it slowly shrinks from your view. You try not to act excited but you can't help it. You reflect back — just 5 years ago you would still be a common insurance salesman — nothing exciting ever happens to you — and now . . . you look out at the stars flying by.

Before you know it the lunar surface comes into your view. You can see the spot where you're supposed to land.

The rocket goes into its prescribed orbit — but it passes its landing spot and orbits the moon again and again.

Over the loud speaker comes that same quiet voice — "Please don't panic — everything is under control — nothing can go wrong — can go wrong — can go wrong . . .

No Longer

by: BRUCE HANTHORNE — '67

The earth is void. It is not void of activity or business but of usefulness; not of human form, but of men and of souls; not of accrued knowledge, but of mind.

Midgard can no longer exist in this sphere of emptiness. The mundane interests and thoughts and actions — especially actions of the canaille have effaced it beyond any hope of aspiration of its ever recurring.

The earth is hollow because, as we stated before there is a lack of mind. Now there are these "damned" boxes filled with circuits and wires that can not themselves think, but can only reiterate what we of the twentieth century have fed into them. They have no feelings and no gestures — just stark realism! They are not pliable, but they are rigid in both capacity and manipulations. God help you! for what we have started! Praise Pandora that she slammed that lid at least when she did, for she left hope.

This is all that we can send on to you. Give them none of it for there is and can be none for them. They are not capable of human emotions for they are not human. They eat not of food but of tape and wire and energy. They drink not of wine and water but of the blood of men. Destroy them!

The World is vacuous of ideas and ideals. No longer is there a book, but a circuit and/or an IBM card. No longer is there an idea, but that it is a statistic already. No prayers are allowed.

The world is mechanical, dictated by machines. They can say when, and who, and where, and what, but never why. Men have become so feeble and stupid. No longer are they educated except in the care of their master.

What started all of this? — Man and his own torment. A torment to know that which he knew not, without the basic processes of learning. That is to say, Man has become incessively lazy. The inquiring mind is dying (and is probably dead by your time). The only thing we can do is hope.

To whom it may concern, ahead there is the future: These machines will enslave you into perpetual torment and bondage. God help you! We of the twentieth century can ourselves do nothing. Already the take-over is apparant. The first machine to go to work was a normal computer fed with security-risk information. Through a missed wire or a faulty circuit, we sit here in this prison writing on this wall. We, the greatest minds, will die and rot here.

Destroy them or yourselves.

To whom it may concern, when and where ever this be read, if you are of human form, be human. Act human. We have watched the humaneness leave men and deterioration set in.

Remember, long ago in the garden called Eden, it wasn't the apple on the tree that caused the trouble but the pair on the ground. If Man can be his own destruction, let him also be his own recreation. Man will be bonded by these machines until that time when a human being again walks on the face of the earth.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Set your goals so high
That they appear to have wings
And the thought of them
Will lift you to higher and better things

by: RICH KOES

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